You will find but right little gold in that,
And no pearl its face adorning;
But I thought it grand when I took it in hand
On my thirteenth birthday morning.
And my mother fastened a chain to its ring,
And my sister added a looket:
And I never felt since so much like a prince
As when first it went into my pocket.
My parents are dead, and my sister sank
Where the Indian waves are flowing:
But the light of the past shall shine on to the
iast,

So I keep the old watch going.

It is strange what eddities sometimes wake, Good thoughts that have long him sleeping; For the great blows fall, and scarce move us at all
But little things set us weeping.
I'm alraid that my life has not—been—what it

should,
And habit's a terrible fetter.
But my pulse beats quick when I list to that tick,
And I carnestly wish to be better.
O, I think that I see new hopes for me,
And a brighter prospect glowing:
Though my heart be chill, twould be colder

If my boyhood's watch stopped going.

—Harpers Weekly.

NEVER AGAIN.

It was a soft little voice that said it—so soft, that Nigel Macpherson heard without any of that impatient irritation which was usually his first feeling when any human voice came in to break upon the silence of his solitude.

'Is 'oo very lonesome?" Nigel Macpherson turned his blind eyes round in the direction whence the words came to him. He had not heard the door open; but a waft of the outer air that blew in on him, told him it was standing wide now.

Perhaps his visitor saw him shiver;

for she put her sturdy shoulders to the door, and shut it to, it being a five min-utes' work, as she had just learned by experience to reach the lock a-tiptoe. 'Is 'co very lonesome?"

This time it was not over by the door, but close to his elbow; and the hand that lay listlessly on the arm of his chair felt something very like an electric thrill, as a small velvet-soft cheek nestled against it.

It seemed that she must have her answer; but it also seemed that it perplexed her hearer to give one.

He had been sitting bowed together in his easy chair drawn up before the hearth, the cheerful blaze upon which he could feel, if he could not see; but there had been no cheerfulness reflected in his face. Yet neither had he looked, as the

child said, lonesome, rather, as one whose life was so benumbed as to be past the sense of loneliness.

The child could not understand that,

however; it was the bowed figure which had appealed to her; and she said, still with her soft cheek rubbing against his hand and sleeve, in a pretty kittenish

"Mamma Milly sits that way when she's lonesome. I think 'oo must be,

"And who is Manma Milly?" Maepherson had began to wonder if e had been lonesome—as one begins thaw and then grow conscious of the

op Lulu and papa from being lone-What made him smile? Lulu could

e nothing to smile at, though she oked around her.

big enough to hold all the rooms at The child's round blue eyes could

of take in the fact that the old-fashned place was furnished well and and somely enough; that it was only he absence of a woman's loving touch which made the wide difference between a house and a home.

"And do Mamma Milly and papa know where you are, my little one?" asked Macpherson, laying his hand on the small curly head, from which she had pushed back the hood. "And will not they be 'lonesome' after you?' But the child laughed.

How can papa be lonesome when he's gone to heaven to meet my own mamma? And Mamma Milly—" What was that step at the door? Was this lonely man, who asked no one across his threshold, to be thronged

with visitors this evening? There was o hurried knock; and the door was hastily opened.

A young woman in mourning came forward a few paces, putting back the crape veil which the wind had blown half across her face.

She glanced around, half bewildered. In her eagerness she had opened the hall door, and she was startled to see that she stood in one of those square, furnished hall; one sometimes finds in old-fashioned houses; and that she had thrust herself in on some one seated

"Pardon me," she said, "but I have lost my little girl-I have no time to lose, it is fast growing dark—and I thought I tracked her little footsteps through the snow, close by your door—"
"Mamma Milly, Mamma Milly!"
She had not all at once seen the

child, who was standing on the other side of Macpherson's armchair. It was not at sight of her, but of the man seated in the armchair, that she had broken

short her speech. She did not seem to see the child. even now. She was standing with her

eyes riveted on the man, every trace of color banished out of her fair face. Lulu had come round to the other side of the chair. She still kept one soft little hand upon Macpherson's arm, while she reached out the other to the

new comer. "He was lonesome Mamma Milly Lulu was sure he was lonesome. Lulu just peeped in the door, and saw him sitting so." Suiting the action to the word, she

dropped her pretty head upon her

But the new comer did not answer her with so much as a glance.

She stood, pale and trembling, look-

ing at the man who had turned his sightless eyes in the direction of the stranger's voice. She did not know that they were

sightless; they only seemed to be regard-ing her with a cold vacant stare.

"Come, Lulu," she said presently with a stifled sigh.

Emily! It was Nigel Macpherson's voice. She did not answer.
"Emily!" he cried again in that sharp

ringing tone. "Surely, surely, I cannot be deceived—that is her voice!" "Am I so changed," she said, "that Nigel Macpherson needs to ask if it

The words were spoken bitterly; his are more bitter still.

"Aye, changed—changed! So changed it were better we had not met."

He had sunk back in his chair again,

all the eagerness dying out of his face, and a weary pain settling down upon it. Emily's lip quivered but she managed to keep the tremor out of her voice, as she said very low: "We need not meet again, at least. I need not tell you this time was an accident. I did not know that you

were living here. Come, Lulu, come!"
The little thing put up her face to be kissed. Nigel Macpherson felt the soft cheek against his own. With a sudden yearning he could not have accounted for, the lonely man said hurriedly:

"Your little daughter-if she might sometimes come to see me-"My daughter?"

"My daughter?"
"I beg your pardon—your stepdaugher," said Macpherson stiffly.
Emily drew the corner of her crape veil through her trembling fingers.
"Lulu is my brother's child. I came

to him to take charge of her when her young mother died. My brother, too, is gone—left her to me—the little one could not put by the 'mamma'—and Milly is her way of saying Emily."

She made this explanation in a hur-

ried, breathless fashion, and then she would have drawn the child away. But Macpherson had suffered child to lead him towards her.

"Emily," he said in a hoarse, broken voice, "we can at least be friends? My blindness might well have been a barrier to love; it need not be to friendship. "Your blindness-your blindness, Nigel?

She had caught his hand in both of hers; she was looking into his blank eyes with fear and anguish in her own. "When I sent you that letter two years ago," he said; "and sent you back your letters, and told you that in the great change that had come to my life, thought it best that we should part-I did think it best, Emily, that you should not be fettered to a blind man

"Blind-blind!" she cried again And then: "Was it that your letter meant? Tell me the whole truth; was it that? Oh, Heaven! and I thought you were writing to me by another's hand and telling me that, since you had been left your uncle's heir and were to take your place among the foremost of the county families, you saw your error in engaging yourself to marry a poor little nobody, a simple, untaught girl. Oh, Nigel, Nigel, what must you have

thought me all this time?" She is in his arms now; her soft hand is fluttering over his eyes. Poor eyes-poor eyes! But I will

be their light.' A small hand pulled her dress. Lulu was looking up at her, her round blue

eyes full of delight. "Oo is not vexed with Lulu? 'Oo is going to stay, so we will not be lone-

Nigel Macpherson stooped and lifted his little good angel against his breast and Emily's. "Never again, my little one; never

lonesome again," he said. Our Cat with the Scarlet Fever.

The ways of our cat "Becky" are always winning, and sometimes remark-able, but the feat which has made her famous is-catching the scarlet fever.

Many persons do not believe that a eat can take disease from a human being, but this cat did it most undoubted-'Mamma Milly? Oh, she's not Lulu's an mamma. Lulu's own mamma went heaven, and Mamma Milly came to the standard through Lulu and mam a from being law. notice the little animal lying on the bed, and when at last Becky was forcibly driven from her post, it was too late, for customary symptoms of the disease plainly showed themselves. What a great bare ugly room it was | She was violently sick, and her throat and tongue became so inflamed that she could not swallow; (no one thought to find out whether there was a rash under her fur), but at all events she grew thinner every day, as she could neither eat nor drink, and the physician in attendance prescribed for her an easy death by chloroform. However, some one suggested putting hot poultices on her throat, as this treatment gave great relief to the human patient, and accordingly flax seed meal was applied. Becky submitting without a struggle. Some times it seemed as if the poultice was hot enough to seald her, but she bore the heat bravely, evidently knowing what

it was for. One morning, the person who took charge of the poultices, was awakened before light, by puss, who, after "clawing her vigorously, went to the table under the gas-burner where the linseed was heated, and sat looking up wistfully. It was very evident that she wanted a hot poultice, for the one last put on was quite cold, and after obtaining what she had come for, Beeky went

down stairs again contented. In a few days she was convalescent. and spent most of her time before the fire in the invalid's room, making weak attempts to lick her coat, which through neglect had lost all its gloss.

The first sign of returning appetite showed itself when she endeavored to eat the cork of the cod-liver-oil bottle. She probably thought it would give her strength, she being a reflective cat—and particularly fond of fish. This case of searlet fever is an absolute fact, as can be certified by several witnesses.— Isabel Smithson in American Agriculturist for Nov.

Indian Conjurers. The performances by the Davenport

Brothers and other Spiritualists are clumsy compared with the arts of the Northwest Indians. The conjurers are legion who will permit themselves to be bound, not merely hand and foot, but the whole body swathed with thongs, withes, ropes, and raw hides, and afterward tied in a net, and then release themselves almost instantly on being placed in a little "medicine lodge" of skins constructed for the purpose, the bonds being thrown out through an opening in the top, without a knot apparently disturbed. Dr. Archie Stockwell writes that he recently saw a medicine man go through with a long series of incantations, drummings, rattlings of gourds, etc., for the relief of a consumptive, lying in the center of an or-dinary lodge. Suddenly he announced that he had discovered the spirit that afflicted the sufferer, and thereupon, plunging his hands beneath the single planket with which she was covered, drew forth the carcass of a full-grown wolf, and flung it with great violence against the door, greatly to the delight, mystification and satisfaction of the beholders. He now assured the friends of the speedy recovery of the squaw, but she died the same night neverthe-

Rhode Island lightning changed mahogany bay horse to jet black.

It is so Everywhere. E. B. Rall, druggist at Historille, I has this to write about Allen's Lung B. 'It is the best selling Throat and Lung idy, and gives general satisfaction. DON'T, DON'T, DON'T.

A Few Hints to Gentlemen as to Their Daily Walk and Conversation.

A little volume with the above expressive title has recently been published, in the interest of good deportment; but the book don't exhaust the subject by a good deal, and the following "don'ts," relative to street manners, jotted down as they come to mind, will prove interesting to gentlemen:

Don't keep to the right when walking upon the sidewalk. Should you do so, ten chances to one you will attract no notice from those you meet. Keep to the left if you would make a sensation.

Don't hide your umbrella under your cont as though you were afraid people would think you had stole it. Make a Greek cross of yourself by carrying it under your arm at right angles with your body. Besides, this is the safest

way to carry an umbrella. If any eyes are punched out with it you may be certain they won't be yours. Don't carry your cane as though it was a third leg. Let it drag after you in a manner which shall trip up anybody who comes too near. How can you know that the man behind you is not pickpocket, with designs on your wal-

let and watch? Don't sit in the horse-car with your back square against the side of the car. Dispose yourself at an oblique angle, occupying the space of two or three seats. What is the use of being a hog unless you let folks know it?

Don't forget to puff vigorously your cigar as you pass along the crowd-ed sidewalk. It is only a mean man who would wish to keep all the smoke to himself. Gallantry to the fair sex should make you especially generous in your fumid benefactions when women are near you.

Don't apologize if you chance to step upon a gentleman's foot. It might make him feel awkward. But turn the matter off jocularly by reminding him that you must step somewhere, or ad-vising him to keep his feet in his pock-ct. He cannot but admire your pres-

ence of mind and your ready wit. Don't take any especial pains to point out the way to the stranger who asks to be directed. Just as like as not be won't remember aright. Tell him to find his nose and he will find it. or push by without seeming to notice

Don't walk at one monotonous pac all the time. If you are in company walk slowly, two or three abreast. This will prove a trial of patience to people behind you; but patience is a virtue and should be exercised. When you are alone go at railroad speed, elbowing your way vigorously through the crowds. Everybody admires activity

and energy.

Don't, when two or three of you go together for a little chat, consider that you are blocking the sidewalk. The sidewalk was made for man, not man for the sidewalk, and it is your province to enjoy it to the full.

Don't forget to stare at the women folks. Your eyes were given you to stare with, and if the women don't like t let them remain indoors. Don't pass by a lady without turning

around to peer into her face. If you don't do this, she might think you were not a jackass, and it would be cruel to create a false impression in her mind. Don't talk in a low tone of voice as you walk along, unless you have som

thing really worth hearing. If your conversation is of your achievements in guzzling beer or mashing the girls—as io doubt, it is-the more people who hear you the greater the number of those who will know you to be a superior being.

Don't miss the opportunity of exhibiting your fine clothes and refined manners in front of the liquor saloons, theaters and other places where your prominence will be effective.

Don't care for anybody but yourself. Remember that Providence helps those who help themselves .- Boston Transcript.

The Moonshiner's Hoga.

The thoughtful provision of this moonshiner for his hogs reminds one that the hog sometimes is himself a guide for the revenue officers. Your toper is not more fond of the product of the still than is this useful animal of ts residuum of slops and refuse. Not ong ago a drove of fine porkers were driven to market in a southern city. Their route led past a registered distillery, and with a celerity which rival-ed that of their relatives in bible story who "ran down a steep place into the sea," they broke column for the succulent slops. A revenue officer standing by asked the driver, "Where did you buy them hogs?" On investigation it was found that the mountaineer in charge of their early education had maintained an unregistered distillery in a tranquil spot, which would no doubt have escaped the vigilance of the "revenues," but for the inconsiderate and ungrateful conduct of his pigs. A deputy marshal carelessly saunter-

was a suspect, but against whom there was no inculpatory proof. "I found a blockade still down there on the branch," said the deputy. "What branch? I know nothing about it," replied the honest yeoman. "What his?" was a suspect, but against whom there plied the honest yeoman. "What sort of a looking place is it?" "Nothin' perticklar," said the deputy, drawing a powder-begrimmed Smith & Wesson, and wiping it on his coat-tail. "There were some mighty fine hogs there, and I shot 'em accordin' to law. It pity that meat don't belong to nobody. "Je-rusalem!" bewailed the innocent one. "Yer hain't shot them 'shotes," hey ye?" and with that he made a bee line for the still-house, of whose existence a moment before he had been supremely unconscious. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that his "shotes" unnecessary to say that his were in their usual health, and were clamorous for their accustomed beverage .- Atlanta Constitution.

ed into the front yard of a citizen who

George Eliot's Grave.

It is not true, as alleged in an American girl's note to the London Times, that George Eliot's grave is unknown at the cemetery where she lies and is unmarked. In a quiet little corner of Highgate Cemetery, one of the most picture-que spots of suburban London, the grave and the monument of George Ellot can be seen. Shortly before her death George Ellot made a tour through the midland counties of England, and on one occasion passed through one of those charmingly quaint and severely silent village churchyards, where time alone marks life and death where time alone marks life and death so quietly and effectively. There a simple flagstone bore the suggestive and mysterious single inscription: "The Unknown." This attracted "the great authoress." Making inquiries she learned that this was the spot where a cultured and disappointed woman lay at rest after living the life of an "unmarried wife," and being deserted by that very "humanity" George Eliot had so much praised in seductive

chapters. Living out the remnant of this worldly existence in a retired corner of a village, and unknown and uneared for, this fair and frail one creathed her last in a tiny room, leaving

a written request that she should be buried in the neighboring churchyard, and that her only epitaph should be "The Unknown." A small sum of money was found to defray the funeral expense, and put up the stone which gave "George Eliot" a serious view of life at home and abroad over and above "the humanities."—Cor. Italian Times.

Fresh Pretzels.

Vhen der ped vas made you, got to shleeb on him, yoost der same of it vas not good made.

You dond can help it, vhen der hawk pird vas fly your head ofer, but you must not allow it, dot he makes a nest w your hair in. It vas a circular singleumshdance dot

Nadure dond did make all der gooses, in dis vorlt, mit web feets. Shtill dhey vas easy enuff oxtinguished from der quadrupeds.
Troubles mit families cood been prewed by der vattering place hops yoost so goot like der hops by der beer

Eferytings which was pooty goot com-menced, hafe endings yoost der same like dot. Der peginning und der be-closing was dar eradle und der grafe-yard of dis life. Ofer you got a rebutation, yoost put

The Point.

him by der key und lock. He vas yoost

like some umbrellas, vhen you loose

him you dond see him not any more

yet. - Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

A Brooklyn lawyer received a visit the other day from a farmer-looking man, who said he would pay \$3 for a

little advice,
"Very well," replied the lawyer, as ae pocketed the cash; "what is it?" "I want to borrow \$200 from

bank. "That's easy enough. Make a note for thirty or sixty days, and have some responsible party indorse it."
"But I'd have to pay it."

"Certainly—certainly."
"I know how to borrow money without asking legal advice," protested the client. "What I want of you is to advise me how to beat either the bank or the indorser, and come out \$200 ahead!

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Pise's Cure for Consumption.

The following is extracted from a smart boy's composition on "Bables:" "The moth-er's heart gives 4th joy at the baby's 1st 2th."

An Eastern paper says: "Every man who goes into the lumber woods this winter should take with him a supply of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, and Par-son's Purgative Pills. This little precaution may save months of labor and much suffering.'

Southeast Georgia has over 500,000 miles rirgin pine timber.

The exposure of the utter worthlessness of the *large* packs of horse and cattle powers has saved our people a vast sum. There is only one kind now known that are strictly pure and these are Sheridan's Don't throw away your money.

There are forty grades of cotton in the Liverpool market.

Reascnable

It stands to reason that an oil that cannot be made rancid, and one that has the greatest solvent and penetrating powers, while free from all irritating properties, would make the finest hair oil in the world. Such is Carboline, made from pure petroleum, elegantly per-fumed and free from all semblance of crude oil. Try it.

A party of tourists recently descended about twe hundred feet into the crater of Mt. Adams, W. T., but found the place so hot that they do

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one milition dollars, red ced to \$1 and upwards per day. Exropean Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages sud elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Heavy defalestion is the reason given for the suicide of A. B. Johnson, a prominent lawyer of Utica, N. Y.

"Meno sana in corpore sano," "A sound mind in a sound body" is the trade mark of Allen's Brain Food, and we assure our readers that, if dissatisfied with weakness of Brain or Bodily powers, this remedy will permanently strengthen both. \$1.—At druggists, or at Allen's Pharmacy, 315 1st Ave., N. Y.

N. Y.

Constipation is positively cured by Carter's
Little Liver Pills. Not by purging and weak
ening the bowels, but by regulating and
strengthening them. This is done by improving the digestion and stimulating the liver to
the proper secretion of bile, when the bowelswill perform their customary functions in a
cusy and natural manner. Purgative pills
must be avoided. Ask for Carter's Little Liver
Pills. Price 25 cents. Pills. Price 25 cents.

Instantly Relieved.

Mrs. Ann Lacour of New Orleans, La., writes:

—I have a son who has been sick for two years;
he has been a tended by our leading physicians
but all to no purpose. This morting he had
his usual spell of coughing, and was so greatly
prostrated in consequence, that death seemed
imminent. We had in the house a bottle of
DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM for the LUNGS purchased by my husband who noticed your advertisement yesterday. We administered it according to directions and he was instantly

Only Two Bottles. Messra Johnston, Holloway, & Co., wholesale druggists of Philadelphia, Pa., report that some time ago a gentleman handed them a dollar, with a request to send a good catarrh cure to two army officers in Arizona. Recently the same gentleman told them that both of the officers and the wife of a well-known U.S. A. General had been cured of estarrh by the two bottles of Ely's Cream balm. (Not a liquid or snuff. Price 50 cts.)

COMMONWEALTH, Wis., July 20, 1882.

DR. PENGRELLY:

Please send me one more bottle of your ZozPhora. The one bottle I have used has done
wonders. I have been under doctors' care
more or less for five years. Have suffered
from inflammation, Ulceration and Prolapsus
Uteri, weakness and heavy head, in fact felt
worn out, not able to sit up. I am feeling just
splendid, now, and shall continue Zoa-Phora
until cured.

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BONT DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rat. DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rat clears out rats mice, dies, roaches, bed-bugs."

NOTHING is uglier than crooked boots straighten them with Lyon's Heel Stiffeners. SKINNY MEN. "Wolls" Heath Recewer" restore heath and vigor cures Dyspepsia. Impotence. Fig. MENSMAN'S PERTONIERD HERY TONIC, the my preparation of beef containing its entire nutrition properties. It contains blood-making, force-gene-sting and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for invisiderginon, Dysspyrala, nervous prostration, am all forms of general decility; also, in all enfeeble conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, ner-rous prestration, overwork, or acute disease, partic-uitry if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Cas-

FOR THROAT DISRASES, COUGHS, COLDS, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of "Broses" Bronchial Troches." Price 25 ets. Sold only in boxes.

There are \$70,000,000 in fine houses alon Fifth avenue, N. Y., yielding \$1,000,000 i

RUSHMORE, O.—Dr. A. Page says: "I have prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters in several in-itances, and in each case obtained good re-sults."

Be Careful!

ne "Hough on Corns" is made only b Proprietor of "Rough on Rats") and ha e of a man on tabels. Lie. & Ele. Bottle Skunk skins are sometimes sold as Austra

An effective medicine for kidney diseases, low fevers and nervous prostration, and well worthy of a trial, is Brown's Iron Bitters. Electric lights have been put out of Hart-ford's opera house.

An Interesting Account. Stone in the Bladder Expelled by using Dr. Kennedy's

"FAVORITE REMEDY."

Mr. S. W. Hicks, of Pleasant Valley, Dutchess Co., N. Y., the son of Mr. E. S. Hicke, whose name may have appeared in this journal in connection with an article similar to this, was, like his father, afflicted with Stone in the Bladder, only that his case was more serious than his father's. On the appearance of the disease, the father advised the son to write to Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who, he said, would tell him what to do. Dr. Kenhe said, would teil him what to do. Dr. Kennedy replied, suggesting the use of "Kennedy's Favorite Remedy." Mr. Hicks, who had been assured by the local physicians that they could do nothing more for him, tried "Favorite Remedy." After two weeks' use of it he passed a stone 3 4 of an inch long and of the thickness of a pipe stem. Since thea he has had no symptoms of the return of the trouble. Here is a sick man healed. What better results could have been expected? What greater benefit could hadedieal science confer? The end was gaited; that is surely enough. Dr. Kennedy assures the public, by a reputation which he cannot afford to forfeit or imperil, that the "Favorite Remedy" does invigorate the Blood, cures Liver. Kidney, and Bladder complaints, as well as all those diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females. "Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy" for sale by all druggists.





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remedies are brought "face to face" in contact with the disease; whereas, if they are swallowed they mix with the contents of the stomach and never reach the organs of respiration R. WOLFE has, by the judicious employment of Medicated Inhalations, assisted thousands to re-gain their health, many of whom had seen pro-sounced incurable, and given up to die by their family physicians and friends.

Every man desires to live long; but no man ould be old.—Swift.

The Hon, Billa Flint,

ment, Belleville, Ontario, Canada, writes: "I tried St. Jacobs Oil for ague

with it took away all soreness and pain;

far better than having them drawn at

A scientist has discovered that it is always the female mosquito which bites mankind This is not surprising.

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charm. A few times rubbing

R. WOLFE has prepared a list of questions fo sick people to answer by mail. They are in charac-ter the same he would ask were he by the bedside f the invalid. By writing answers to these questions any one can send an accurate statement of is disease, and receive and use inhaling remedies 4 home, in any part of the United States or Canada, without incurring the expense and discemfori of making a visit to Cincinnat. Any one sending his name and postodice address with a three-cent postage stamp, will receive a copy of the "Circular

OR. WOLFE has published a medical book called "Common Sense. Cause and Cure of Consumption Asthma, etc.," a copy of which he will send to any oody who orders it, by mail, and incloses 9 cents postage stamps, with his name and postoffice ad-dress. The book is of great value to any one af-ficted with any disease of the Nose. Thros on

R. WOLFE has also published an pages entitled "Light about the House We Live in," which every healthy person as well as sic-ought to read. This book has a special interest to persons who have weak lungs, or any symptoms of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, or Catarri, ent to any address free by mail, on receipt of

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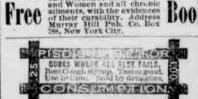
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